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the Terrorists from Time!

and
No. 2

10¢





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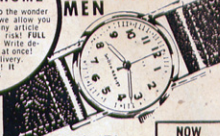
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Glamorous simulation
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Amazes every-
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Jet Powers



THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS OF TIME REACH BACKWARD INTO THE DIM BEGINNINGS OF ALL THINGS, AND FAR AHEAD INTO THE UNKNOWN FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE—

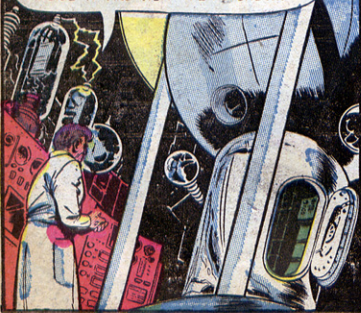
AND, SEEKING TO WALK THESE CORRIDORS, EZRA WALTERS BUILDS THE FIRST TIME MACHINE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A MACHINE DESTINED TO WHIRL THREE MILLION YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, AND SEND **JET POWERS**—CAPTAIN OF SCIENCE—HEADLONG AGAINST THE MENACE OF—

THE THREE-MILLION-YEAR-OLD MEN!

POWELL

MIDNIGHT IN A SMALL MOUNTAIN LABORATORY HIGH ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT WHITNEY...

FINISHED! THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF MIND AND METAL OF THE AGES! A **TIME MACHINE**—**THAT WORKS!** NOW TO GET INSIDE IT AND VISIT THE FUTURE...!



BUT WITH HAND AND FOOT ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE MIGHTY ENGINE OF TUBES AND STEEL, THE SCIENTIST DRAWS BACK. A SPASM OF FEAR WASHES HIS FACE...

N-NO! I CAN'T DO IT! THERE MAY BE ATOMIC WARS... RADIOACTIVITY ...IN THE FUTURE. THAT WOULD—KILL ME! AND I—DON'T WANT TO DIE...!



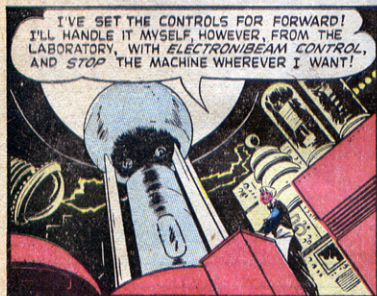


I'LL PHONE JIM AND EDNA BOOTH, INVITE THEM OVER TO DINNER! SLIP A HARMLESS SLEEPING POWDER IN THE WINE... PUT **THEM** INTO THE MACHINE...



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE VAST DINING HALL OF THE WALTERS HOME...

ASLEEP AT LAST! IT WILL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO CARRY THEM INTO THE MACHINE ... LEAVE THEM TO SLEEP WHILE I HURL THEM—
A HUNDRED YEARS IN THE FUTURE!

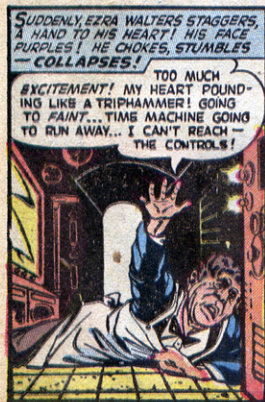


I'VE SET THE CONTROLS FOR FORWARD! I'LL HANDLE IT MYSELF, HOWEVER, FROM THE LABORATORY, WITH **ELECTRONIBEAM CONTROL**, AND STOP THE MACHINE WHEREVER I WANT!



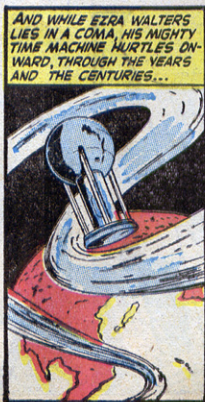
SLOWLY THE GRID PLATES WARM. THE GIANT KLIPSTRON TUBES GLOW WITH CHERRY LIGHT! A FAINT NIMBUS OF LIGHT SURROUNDS THE GREAT MACHINE, WHICH GRADUALLY FADES, AS IF DISSOLVING AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS...

THEY'VE GONE! LEFT THE PRESENT ON THE MOST MAGNIFICENT JOURNEY OF ALL TIME!
OF ALL TIME — A JOKE! HA! HA!



SUDDENLY, EZRA WALTERS STAGGERS, A HAND TO HIS HEART! HIS FACE PURPLES! HE CHOKES, STUMBLES — COLLAPSES!

TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT! MY HEART POUNDING LIKE A TRIPHAMMER! GOING TO FAINT... TIME MACHINE GOING TO RUN AWAY... I CAN'T REACH — THE CONTROLS!

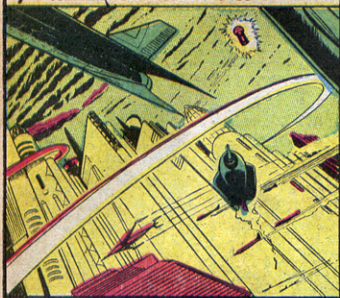


AND WHILE EZRA WALTERS LIES IN A COMA, HIS NIGHTY TIME MACHINE HURTLES ONWARD, THROUGH THE YEARS AND THE CENTURIES...

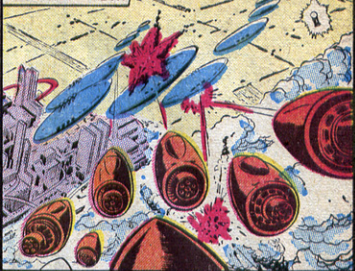


THROUGH THE SECOND ICE AGE PASSES THE TIME TRAVELLER...

THE GOLDEN AGE COMES — AND GOES...



HALF A MILLION YEARS... A MILLION... TWO MILLION YEARS INTO THE FUTURE SWEEPS THE RUNAWAY TIME MACHINE...



IN THE WALTERS LABORATORY, A PALE-FACED MAN DRAGS HIMSELF TO HIS FEET...

BEEN OUT COLD...FOR MORE THAN A HOUR! GOT TO TAKE MEDICINE...QUICKLY...**OH! THE TIME MACHINE!** I FORGOT ABOUT... THEM!

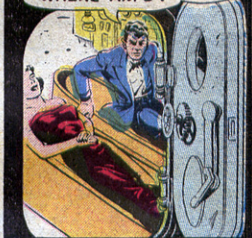


THEY'VE GONE — **THREE MILLION YEARS!** I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! WHY, THE EARTH ITSELF MAY NOT EVEN EXIST IN THAT FAR FUTURE TIME!

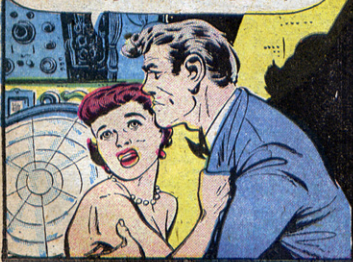


AND, AS EZRA WALTERS CLAWS AT HIS ELECTRONIBEAM CONTROLS, THE TIME MACHINE SLOWS AND HALTS. THE DOORS OPEN —

I-I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF AFTER COMING HOME FROM WALTERS' PLACE. I — **GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING! WHERE AM I?**



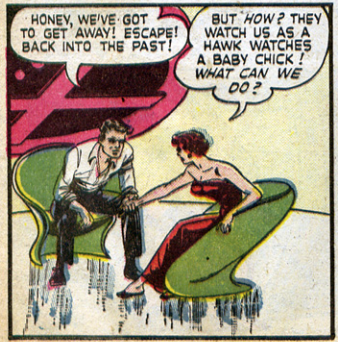
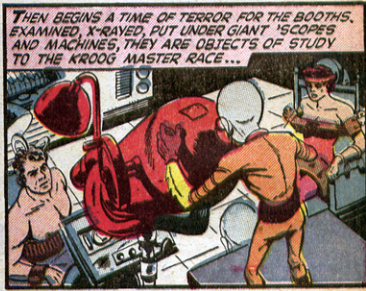
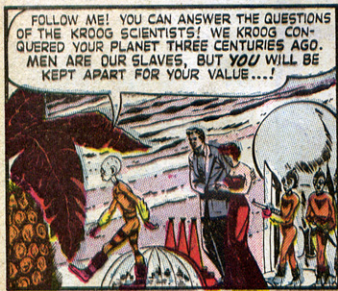
JIM! JIM! I DON'T REMEMBER **ANYTHING** THAT HAPPENED AFTER WE DRANK THAT PORT WINE! JIM — WHERE IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE WE? WHAT **IS** THIS THING WE'RE IN?

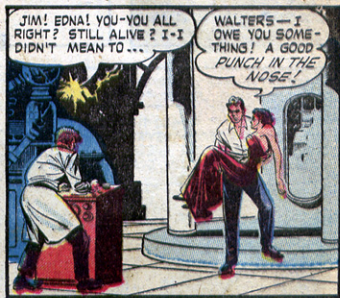
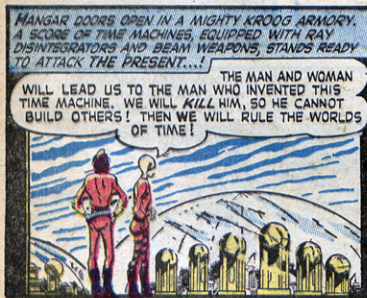
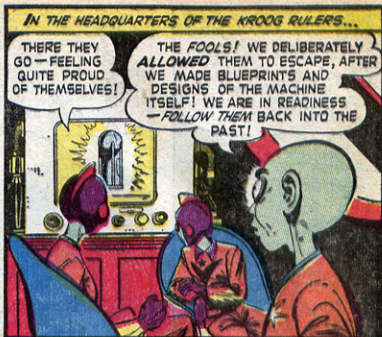
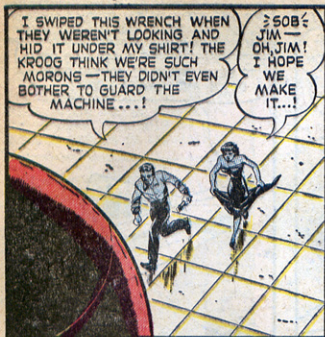


COME ON, LET'S FIND OUT! BET A COOKIE DOC WALTERS' LABORATORY WILL BE RIGHT OUTSIDE!

OH, JIM! I'M **SCARED!**

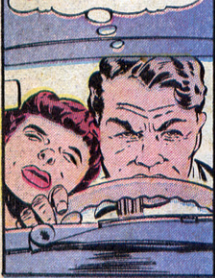






ONWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT DRIVES JIM BOOTH, HIS MIND PARALYSED WITH FEAR—

JUST BEFORE WE PULLED OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY... I SAW KAL FRAM! HE WAS SHOOTING OLD EZRA....!

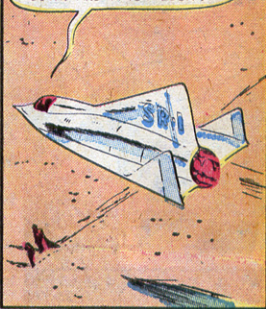


COME ON, HONEY! THOSE BLASTED KROOG HAVE FOLLOWED US! WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE THE CAR... GO ON FOOT... WIPE OUT OUR FOOTPRINTS... BECAUSE ONLY WE KNOW WHERE THEY COME FROM!



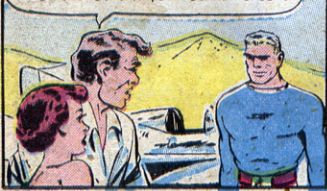
HOURS LATER, AS JIM BOOTH STAGGERS ACROSS THE DESERT SANDS, TRAILING A COAT BEHIND HIM...

THOSE TWO SEEM TO BE IN TROUBLE! BETTER DROP DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK!

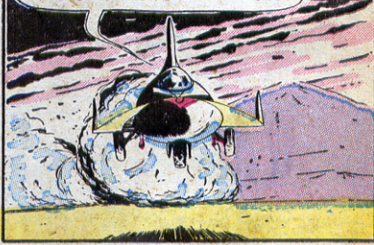


UNDER JET POWERS' SYMPATHETIC EYES AND COMPELLING VOICE, JIM POURS OUT HIS STORY OF THE NIGHTMARE...

— SO THEY FOLLOWED US AND KILLED WALTERS! THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER OUR WORLD... THE PRESENT, THE PAST, THE FUTURE! MAN, I'M SCARED GREEN!



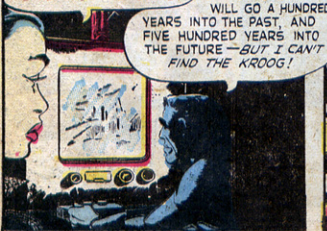
I WILL TAKE YOU TO MY MESA LABORATORY. THERE SU SHAN WILL CARE FOR YOU — WHILE I DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE KROOG!



HOURS LATER, AFTER JET POWERS HAS STARED HIMSELF BLOODSHOT AT HIS VISI-SCREEN...

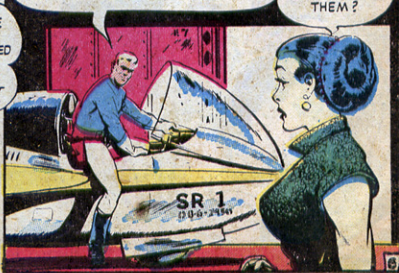
THE BOOTHS ARE SLEEPING, EXHAUSTED! CAN YOU LEARN ANYTHING OF THE MEN FROM THE FUTURE?

MY VISISCREEN WILL COVER THE PRESENT, ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD. IT WILL GO A HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE PAST, AND FIVE HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE FUTURE — BUT I CAN'T FIND THE KROOG!



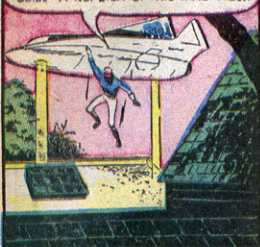
ONLY THING TO DO IS TO FIND ONE OF THEIR TIME MACHINES, IF I CAN! AND EVEN IF I DO FIND ONE — WHERE IN-TIME WILL I HUNT FOR THEM?

AND IF YOU FIND THEM — WHAT CAN YOU DO AGAINST THEM?



OVER EZRA WALTERS' HOUSE, JET LOCKS HIS AEROCAR CONTROLS, ANTI-GRAVITY RAYS ON AT QUARTER STRENGTH, TO KEEP HIS SHIP SOME FEET ABOVE THE GROUND...

IF THE BOOTHS SPOKE THE TRUTH, THIS IS EZRA WALTERS' HOUSE. THERE MAY BE BLUEPRINTS AND DESIGNS TO ENABLE ME TO BUILD A REPLICA OF HIS MACHINE...



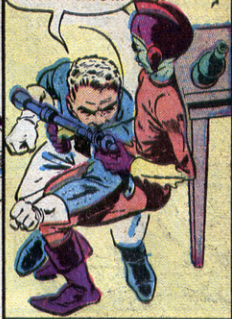
BETTER YET! THEY'VE LEFT THE ORIGINAL MACHINE HERE, WITH A GUARD—PROBABLY HOPING THAT THE BOOTHS WOULD RETURN!

THEETA NAKADU!



DON'T KNOW A THING YOU SAY, CHUM—BUT THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS...

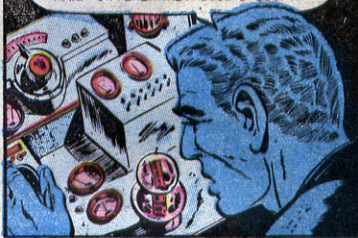
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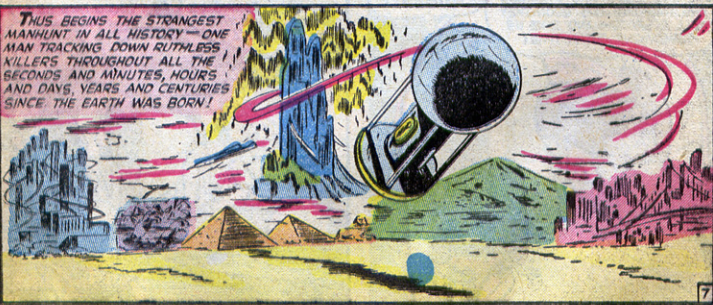
DIDN'T WANT HIM TO BREAK HIS NECK—I'D HOPED TO QUESTION HIM! NOW I'VE GOT TO DO THIS BY MYSELF...WITHOUT KNOWING WHERE IN TIME THE KROOG WENT!



HAMMM...THIS WILL BE THE HELIX COORDINATOR...THAT'S THE STRESS VALVE, THE HYPERFLUX RESISTOR! I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE HANG OF HIS THEORY, AND HOW THIS WORKS! ELECTRONIBEAM CONTROLS! WARP DIFFERENTIAL! GOOD ENOUGH...!

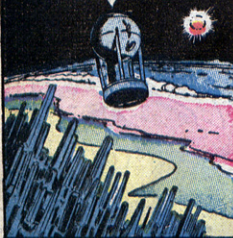


THIS BEGINS THE STRANGEST MANHUNT IN ALL HISTORY—ONE MAN TRACKING DOWN RUTHLESS KILLERS THROUGHOUT ALL THE SECONDS AND MINUTES, HOURS AND DAYS, YEARS AND CENTURIES SINCE THE EARTH WAS BORN!



FORWARD TO THE LAST COLD DAYS OF THE PLANET EARTH, WHEN THE SUN IS DYING AND THE MOON IS GONE, GOES JET IN HIS FRANTIC SEARCH...

THERE ARE NO TIDDS... AND NO LIVING CREATURES! I WONDER IF MANKIND DIED... OR WENT ON TO THE STARS?



BACKWARD INTO TIME HE GOES, BACK TO THE AWESOME BEGINNINGS OF ALL THINGS, EVEN BEFORE THE EARTH COOLED TO FORM OCEANS AND CONTINENTS...

NO SIGN OF THEM—ANYWHERE! I'VE BEEN STOPPING OFF, HERE AND THERE AT VARIOUS TIME INTERVALS, HOPING TO FIND THEM, OR SOME CLUE...



HUNTING THE KROOG IN TIME IS A MILLION TIMES WORSE THAN TRYING TO FIND A TINY NEEDLE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ON THE EARTH! IT'S AN IMPOSSIBLE JOB! WHY NOT FACE IT? I'M BEATEN!



I DON'T DARE GO INTO THEIR OWN TIME ERA! THEY'D RAY ME OUT OF EXISTENCE BEFORE I OPENED MY VALVE PORT—WAIT! THERE IS A WAY—A WAY IN WHICH I CAN REACH THEM, NO MATTER WHERE THEY ARE!



MILLIONS OF YEARS AWAY, THE KROOG ARE EXPLORING THE WORLD OF THE YEAR 4,567,951...

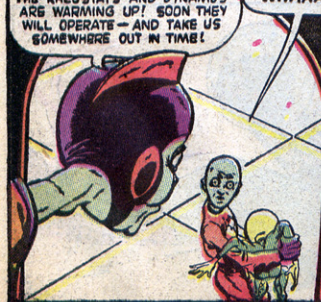
THESE MEN ARE GENIUSES! NOTE THE BRAIN EXPANSION! THEY ARE AS FAR AHEAD OF THE KROOG AS THE KROOG ARE AHEAD OF THE APE!

THEY CAN INVENT NEW WEAPONS—WEAPONS THAT NO ONE CAN STAND AGAINST!



KAL FRAM! COME QUICKLY! THE RHOSTATS AND DYNAMOS ARE WARMING UP! SOON THEY WILL OPERATE—AND TAKE US SOMEWHERE OUT IN TIME!

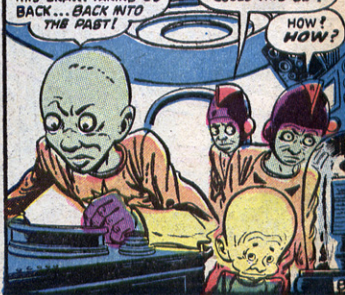
WHAAAT?



BY THE TOE OF ALIDA! THE ENGINES ARE WORKING... LIFTING US OUT OF THIS ERA... TAKING US BACK... BACK INTO THE PAST!

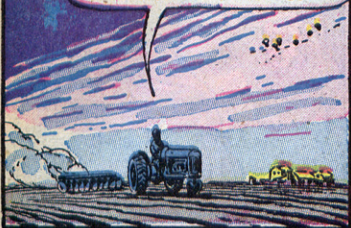
BUT WE HAVE NOT STARTED THE ENGINES! HOW COULD THIS BE?

HOW? HOW?



THROUGH YEAR AFTER YEAR, DECADE AFTER DECADE, SWEEP THE KROOG MACHINES, DRAGGED RELENTLESSLY BACKWARD AS IF BY SOME GIGANTIC MAGNET!

BY GUM—IT'S THEM FLYIN' SAUCERS I BEEN READIN' SO MUCH ABOUT!



THROUGH THE UNENDING CENTURIES, TIME UNROLLS BEFORE THE KROOG...

THEY ARE GODS COME DOWN TO EARTH!

PRAY! KNEEL DOWN AND BEG THEM NOT TO KILL US!



HA—HE CANNOT STAND THE INTENSE HEAT OF OUR THERMIGUNS! HE MELTS ALIVE!



STUMBLING ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE DAWN AGE JUNGLE WORLD, THE KROOG BATTLE OFF SAVAGE ATTACKERS AS THEY HUNT FRANTICALLY FOR THE SOURCE OF THEIR UNSCHEDULED JOURNEY...

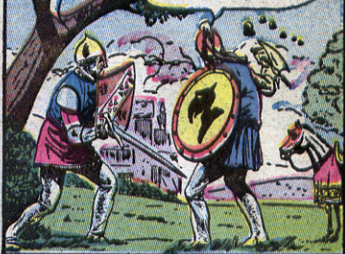
WHOEVER BROUGHT US THIS FAR BACK INTO THE PAST MUST BE HERE!

OUR TASK IS TO FIND — AND DESTROY HIM!



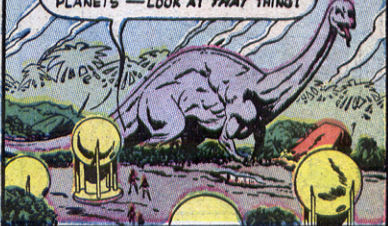
HOLD, SIR MORDRED! TRULY—I SEE A VISION!

BY MY TROTH, SIR GALAHAD—YOU SPEAK TRUTH! 'TIS SOME ENCHANTMENT OF THE WIZARD, MERLIN!



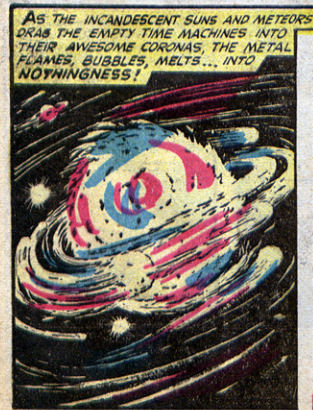
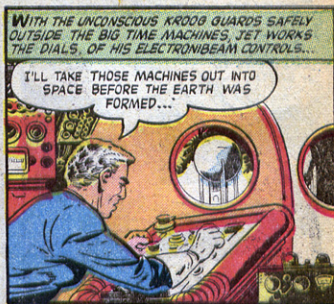
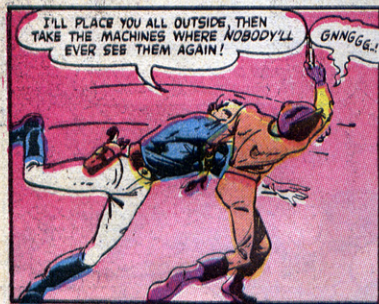
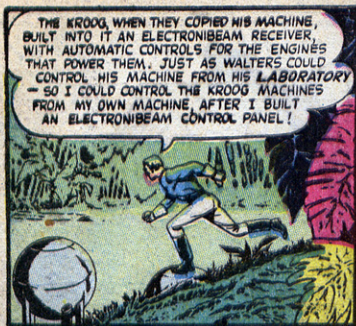
UNTIL, BENEATH THE EYES OF A TOWERING DINOSAUR, THEIR MACHINES COME TO A DULL THUDDING HALT...

IN THE NAME OF KROOG'S SEVENTY PLANETS — LOOK AT THAT THING!

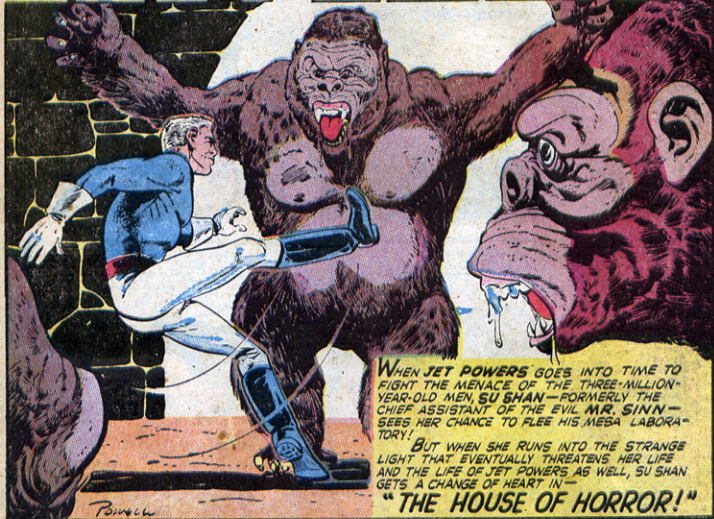


THE KROOG HAVE GONE, LEAVING THEIR MACHINES UNGUARDED, EXCEPT FOR ONE OR TWO MEN! THIS IS THE CHANCE I WANT! A CHANCE I DIDN'T THINK I'D GET—UNTIL I REMEMBERED EZRA WALTERS' ELECTRON-BEAM CONTROL FOR HIS ORIGINAL TIME MACHINING!



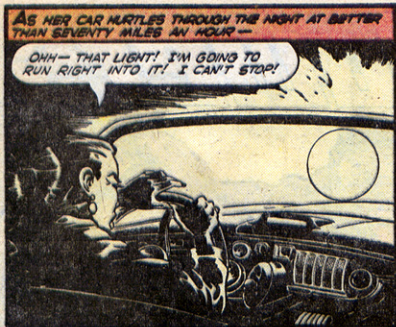


Jet Powers



AS HER CAR HURTLES THROUGH THE NIGHT AT BETTER THAN SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR—

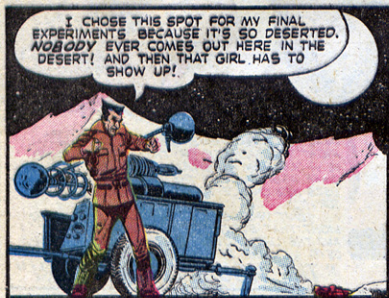
OH— THAT LIGHT! I'M GOING TO RUN RIGHT INTO IT! I CAN'T STOP!



BLINDING! CAN'T SEE! BUT OUTSIDE OF ITS BRIGHTNESS... IT ISN'T HURTING ME!



I CHOSE THIS SPOT FOR MY FINAL EXPERIMENTS BECAUSE IT'S SO DESERTED. NOBODY EVER COMES OUT HERE IN THE DESERT! AND THEN THAT GIRL HAS TO SHOW UP!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO! FOLLOW AND KILL HER! I'VE SUCCEEDED WITH MY EXPERIMENTS SO WELL THIS FAR, THAT I DARE TAKE NO CHANCES OF FAILURE...!



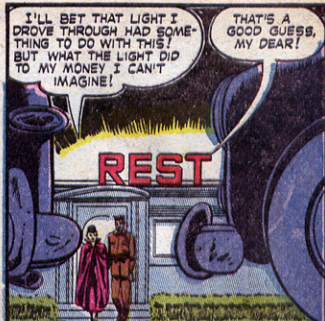
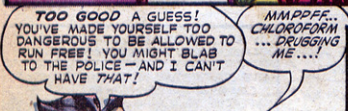
SOME HOURS LATER, AT A ROAD-SIDE DINER —

I'LL STOP AND EAT, THEN CONTINUE ON INTO THE CITY WHERE I CAN LOSE MYSELF SO JET WILL NEVER FIND ME!

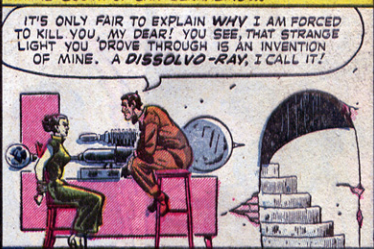


OH! OH, MY GOODNESS! MY MONEY—ALL GONE! NOTHING HERE BUT THIS — WHITE POWDER...!

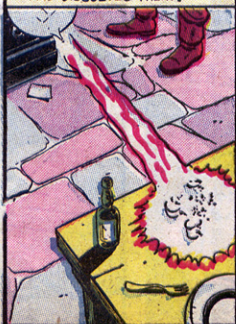




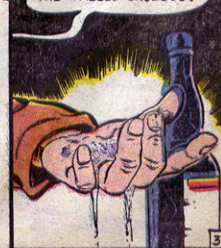
HOURS LATER, IN A STONE-WALLED LABORATORY, SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SAN BERNARDINO...

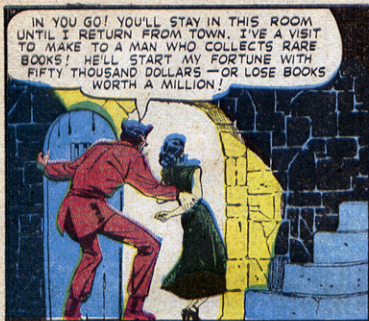


AS MARLON STONE PRESSES THE RELEASE-SWITCH OF HIS DISSOLVO-RAY MACHINE, A BUBBLE OF LIGHT GATHERS - PULSES - BATHES THE PAPER CUPS IN ITS VIBRATIONS - AND DISSOLVES THEM!



MONEY! PRICELESS BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS! RARE ART TREASURES! ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT IS MADE OF PAPER - CAN BE DESTROYED, TURNED INTO DUST AS FINE AS THIS, BY MY RAY! MEN WILL PAY ME A FORTUNE NOT TO DESTROY THEIR COLLECTIONS. BANKS WILL HAND OVER MILLIONS NOT TO LOSE **BILLIONS! I'LL BE RICH AS THE FABLED CROESUS!**

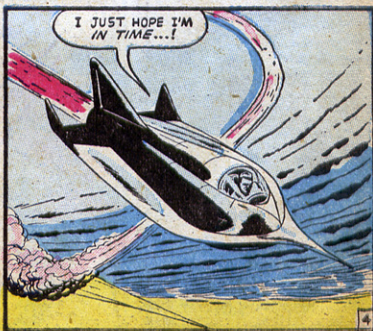
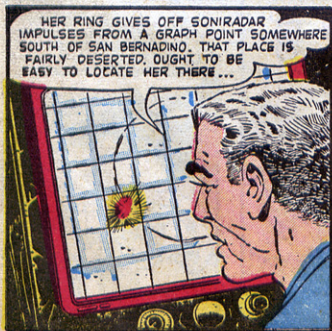




AND THEN, A VOICE MATERIALIZES FROM THIN AIR!

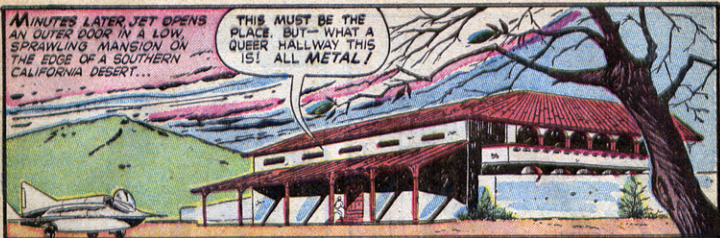
SU SHAN!
CAN YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS JET! JET POWERS!
WHERE ARE YOU?

OH!!



MINUTES LATER, JET OPENS AN OUTER DOOR IN A LOW, SPRAWLING MANSION ON THE EDGE OF A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DESERT...

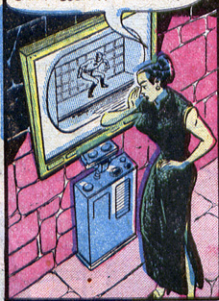
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, BUT—WHAT A QUEER HALLWAY THIS IS! ALL METAL!



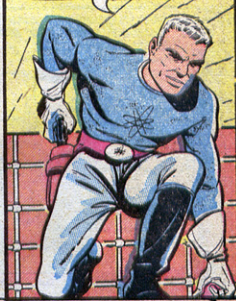
METAL BARS SLIDING INTO PLACE! TRAPPING ME BETWEEN THEM! AND THE FLOOR—RISING UP UNDER ME! THE CEILING—FALLING TO CRUSH ME!



JET—CAUGHT IN A TRAP—BEING SQUEEZED—CRUSHED TO DEATH! ALL BECAUSE HE CAME TO SAVE ME! I—I CAN'T LOOK ANY MORE...



JUST ONE THIN-DIME CHANCE TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE! GOT TO USE MY GRAVITRON GUN—FOCUS IT ON THOSE BARS!



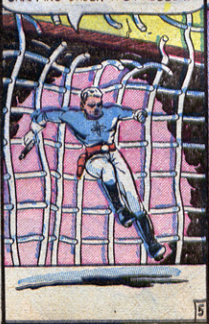
FOR TENSE SECONDS, AS THE FLOOR LIFTS AND THE CEILING DROPS, A BEAM OF RADIANT ENERGY RAVENS' OUTWARD FROM JET'S HANDGUN...

THE BEAM IS TRYING TO LIFT THOSE BARS FREE OF GRAVITY-PULL! THE FORCE IT EXERTS OUGHT TO TEAR THEM APART!

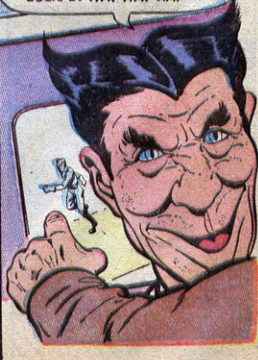


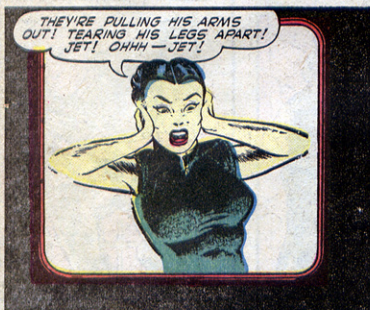
STRAINING AGAINST GRAVITY ITSELF, THE METAL BARS BURST—SHATTER APART!

MADE THAT JUST BEFORE MY RIBS STARTED SNAPPING UNDER THE PRESSURE!



HA! HA! SU SHAN—LOOK AT THE HERO COME TO SAVE YOU! HA! HA! HA! BUT HE'S RUNNING RIGHT TO A DEATH HE CAN NEVER ESCAPE! HA! HA! HA!





TORN AND BADLY MAULED, ARMS PRESSED SO TIGHTLY TO HIS SIDES THAT HE CANNOT DRAW HIS GRAVITRON, JET IS HURLED ROUGHLY TO THE FLOOR—



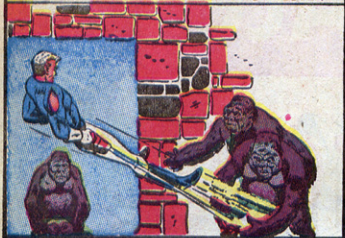
A GAPING JAW OPENS! SHARP TEETH DRIVE DOWN TOWARD JET'S UNDEFENDED THROAT—



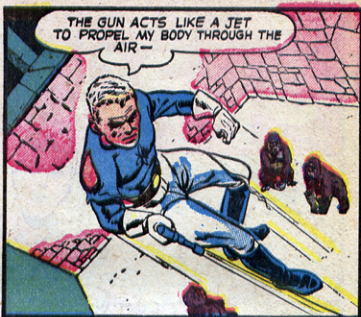
LOOK AT HIM! SO CLEVER—YET ABOUT TO DIE UNDER THE FANGS OF A STUPID ANIMAL! HA! HA! HA!



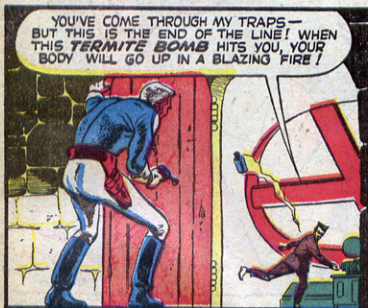
AND THEN, AS THE GORILLA'S JAWS CLOSE ON HIS THROAT, JET'S HAND IS PRESSED TIGHT AGAINST HIS GRAVITRON GUN! HE CANNOT LIFT IT—BUT HE CAN FIRE ITS ANTI-GRAVITY CHARGE EVEN WHILE THE GRAVITRON IS IN HIS HOLSTER—



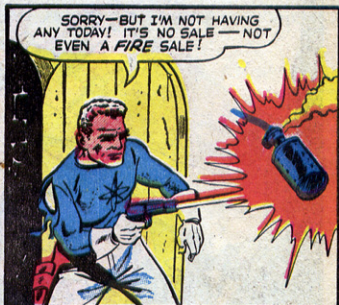
THE GUN ACTS LIKE A JET TO PROPEL MY BODY THROUGH THE AIR—



YOU'VE COME THROUGH MY TRAPS—BUT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! WHEN THIS TERMITE BOMB HITS YOU, YOUR BODY WILL GO UP IN A BLAZING FIRE!



SORRY—BUT I'M NOT HAVING ANY TODAY! IT'S NO SALE—NOT EVEN A FIRE SALE!



WILD WITH RAGE, MARLON STONE LEAPS FOR THE BOMB, TO HURL IT ONCE AGAIN AT JET. HE SLIPS—FALLS...

NO! NO! IT'LL KILL ME... AAAGGGH!



OH, JET—JET!

HEY, STOP KISSING ME! DON'T GET HYSTERICAL NOW!



I WASN'T HYSTERICAL, JET! I KNOW JUST WHAT I'M DOING...!



Space Ace



A DARKENED
STREET OF TITAN-
PORT! REFLECTED LIGHT
FROM GIANT SATURN
FLOODS THE BUILDINGS AS A
WOMAN SCREAMS IN STARK FEAR!

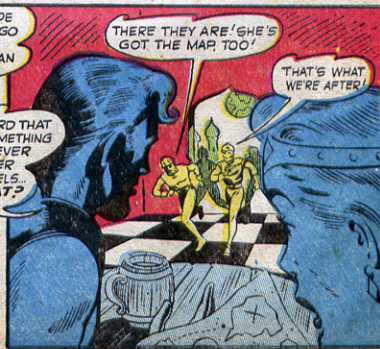
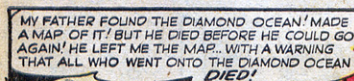
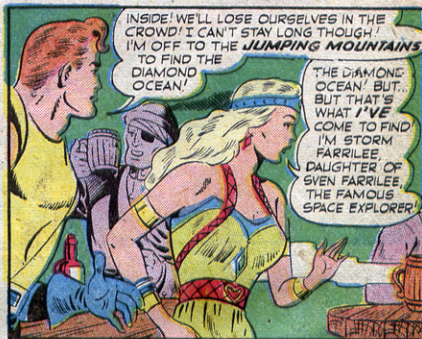
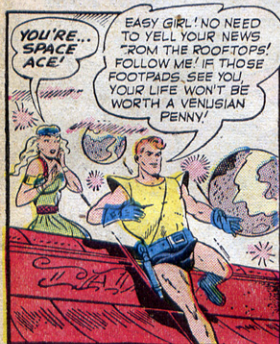
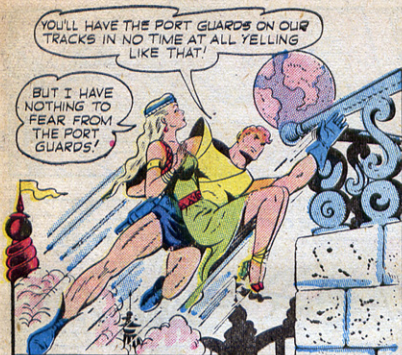
SOMEWHERE ON THE UNEXPLORED REACHES OF
TITAN, MOON OF THE PLANET SATURN, IS AN
OCEAN OF DIAMONDS! MEN FROM OUTER
SPACE HAVE SEEN IT AS THEY SWING IN TO
DOCK ON TITAN! BUT NO MAN HAS EVER RE-
TURNED WITH NEWS OF IT! FOR ALL WHO SEE
DIE! AND WHEN SPACE ACE GOES OUT OVER
THE JUMPING MOUNTAINS TO SEEK ITS
TREASURE, HE TOO EXPOSES HIMSELF TO THE
FRIGHTFUL HORROR OF *THE INVISIBLE*
DEATH!

OHhh!

THIS WAY YOU LITTLE FOOL
AND SHUT UP! THAT
SCREAMING WILL BRING
THE GUARDS ON US!

AMIEEEEE!

BRN





OUT THE BACK DOOR, STORM!
MOVE FAST! I CAN'T HOLD
THEM OFF FOREVER!

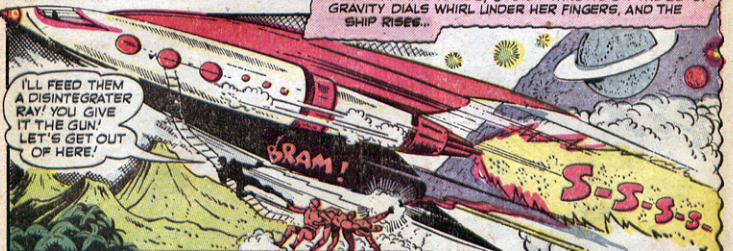


STORM'S GOT A HEAD START! TIME TO
CLEAR OUT OF HERE MYSELF!



THERE'S MY CRUISER! GET
INSIDE! START THE CONTROLS!

BUT... WHAT ABOUT
YOU...?

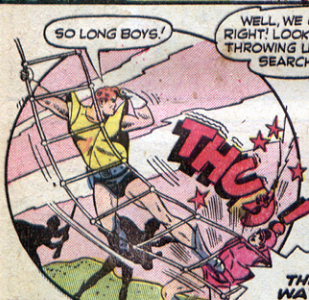


WITH SHAKING HANDS, STORM THROWS ON THE JETS!
GRAVITY DIALS WHIRL UNDER HER FINGERS, AND THE
SHIP RISES...

I'LL FEED THEM
A DISINTEGRATER
RAY! YOU GIVE
IT THE GUN!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

BRAM!

S-S-S-S-



SO LONG BOYS!

WELL, WE GOT RID OF 'EM ALL
RIGHT! LOOKS AS THOUGH FATE IS
THROWING US INTO THIS DIAMOND
SEARCH TOGETHER!



IF IT'S **DIAMONDS** THAT'S
WORRYING YOU, THERE ARE
MORE THAN PLENTY FOR
BOTH OF US!



IT ISN'T THAT! I'VE
NEVER TAKEN A
GIRL... **LOOK!**



THE JUMPING MOUNTAINS!
WATCH OUT! THAT ONE'S
GOING TO **HIT** US! IF IT
DOES WE'RE
GONERS!

THE JUMPING MOUNTAINS, FORMED OF LOOSE GLACIAL ROCK OVER ANCIENT VOLCANIC BEDS, ARE AGITATED BY THE DISTURBANCE OF THE AIR CURRENTS ABOVE THEM! PASSAGE OF AN AIRCRAFT STARTS THE SUBTERRANEAN PRESSURE THAT THROWS UP THE LOOSE ROCKS AND BOULDERS ... SOMETIMES TO THE HEIGHT OF A MILE!

GOT PAST THAT ONE!
... BUT HERE'S ANOTHER!

STORM... LOOK ALIVE!
WE'RE GOING DOWN!

CONTROLS SMASHED JETS
OUT OF CONTROL! LURCHES
AND TURNING IT HURTTLES
DOWNWARD!

CRASH!

THESE PARACHUTE-RAY
BELTS WILL CUSHION
OUR FALL!

I'VE NEVER BAILED OUT
BEFORE! I'M SCARED!

POW!

LANDED... JUST FAR
ENOUGH TO ESCAPE
THE BLAST!

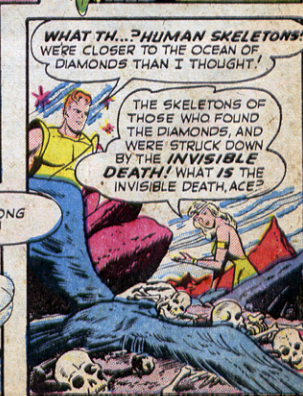
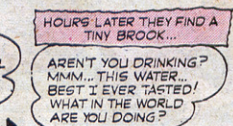
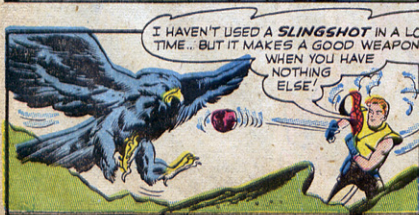
RAM!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE LOST! WE
HAVE NO COMPASS, NO WAY
OF TELLING WHERE WE ARE...
NO FOOD... NO WEAPONS...
NO WATER! THINGS
COULDN'T BE WORSE!

WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO
NOW?

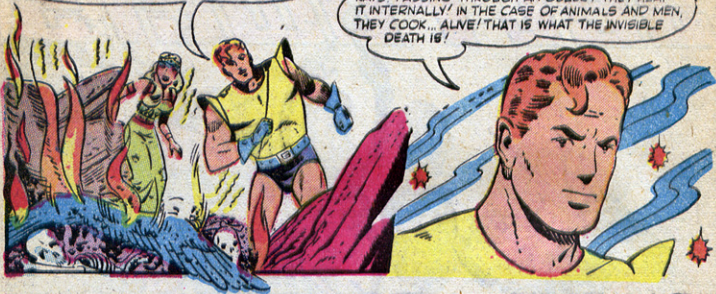


TWO DAYS LATER...



THE BIRD... **BURSTING INTO FLAMES!**
COOKING! BUT IT ISN'T AS HOT AS
THAT!... WAIT A MINUTE! I'M BEGINNING
TO REALIZE WHAT THE INVISIBLE DEATH IS!

THESE HIGH CLIFFS ALL AROUND MUST BE
RADIO ACTIVATED! THEY GIVE OFF RAYS... INFRA-
RED! IN THE LABORATORY, THEY PRODUCE THEM
WITH MEGATHERM TUBES! THESE RAYS ARE HEAT
RAYS! PASSING THROUGH AN OBJECT THEY HEAT
IT INTERNALLY! IN THE CASE OF ANIMALS AND MEN,
THEY COOK... ALIVE! THAT IS WHAT THE INVISIBLE
DEATH IS!



THAT MEANS WE COULD
NEVER GET THE DIAMONDS!
IT WILL **COOK** US
ALIVE, TOO!

MAYBE... AND
THEN AGAIN,
MAYBE NOT!



PLENTY OF THESE ROCKS
ARE IMPREGNATED WITH
LEAD! IF WE CAN EXTRACT
ENOUGH LEAD... THROUGH
WHICH THOSE RAYS CANNOT
PASS... WE COULD WALK
THROUGH THE DIAMOND
OCEAN WITHOUT FEAR!



MELTING THE LEAD OVER A BRUSH
FIRE, COATING THEIR LONG HOODED
CLOAKS WITH THEM, SPACE ACE AND
STORM FARLEE STAND AT LAST ON
THE OCEAN OF DIAMONDS...

THE WEALTH OF A DOZEN
PLANETS... ALL OURS!

TAKE 'EM ALL, HONEY!
ALL BUT **ONE!** I WANT
THAT FOR A SOUVENIR!

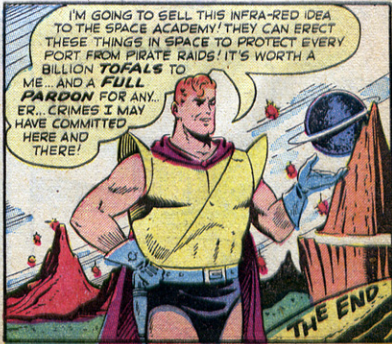


JUST **ONE** DIAMOND! WHEN YOU
CAN HAVE UNTOLD WEALTH...

I CAN ALWAYS COME
BACK IF I NEED ANY!
YOU SEE, I'VE A BETTER
IDEA!

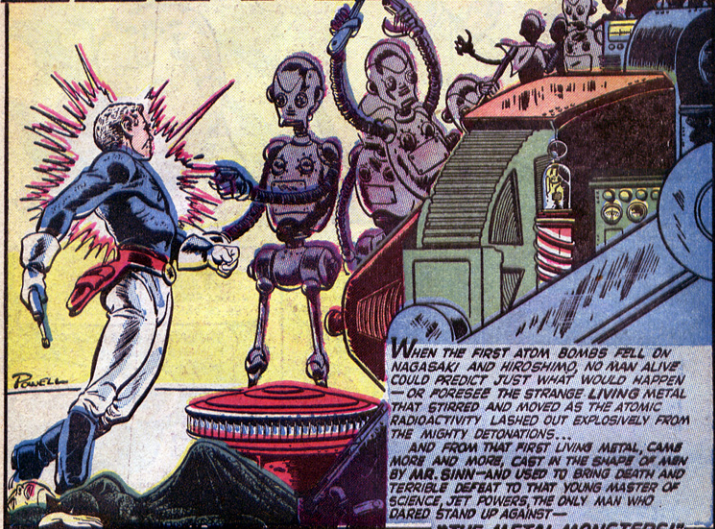


I'M GOING TO SELL THIS INFRA-RED IDEA
TO THE SPACE ACADEMY! THEY CAN ERECT
THESE THINGS IN SPACE TO PROTECT EVERY
PORT FROM PIRATE RAIDS! IT'S WORTH A
BILLION **TOFALS** TO
ME... AND A **FULL**
PARDON FOR ANY...
ER... CRIMES I MAY
HAVE COMMITTED
HERE AND
THERE!



THE END

Jet Powers



POWELL

WHEN THE FIRST ATOM BOMBS FELL ON NAGASAKI AND HIROSHIMA, NO MAN ALIVE COULD PREDICT JUST WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—OR FORESEE THE STRANGE LIVING METAL THAT STIRRED AND MOVED AS THE ATOMIC RADIOACTIVITY LASHED OUT EXPLOSIVELY FROM THE MIGHTY DETONATIONS...

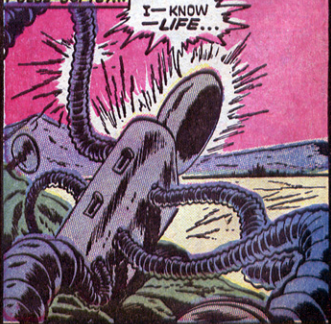
AND FROM THAT FIRST LIVING METAL, CAME MORE AND MORE, CAST IN THE SHAPE OF MEN BY MR. SINN—AND USED TO BRING DEATH AND TERRIBLE DEFEAT TO THAT YOUNG MASTER OF SCIENCE, JET POWERS, THE ONLY MAN WHO DARED STAND UP AGAINST—

"THE METAL MONSTERS!"

IT WAS MORE THAN FIVE YEARS AGO—IN AUGUST, 1945—THAT THE ATOM BOMB STRUCK HIROSHIMA...

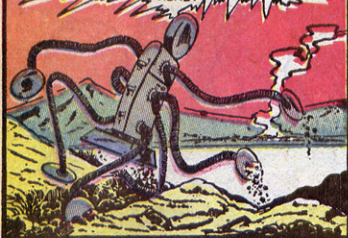


AS THE HEAT WAVES AND GAMMA RAYS SWEEP OVER THE RUINED CITY—A TESTING MACHINE HALF-HIDDEN IN THE DEBRIS SEEMED TO STIR, TO PULSE SOFTLY...



THE MACHINE LAY INERT FOR MANY HOURS, THEN, IN THE GATHERING OF DUSK, IT LEARNED THAT ITS WHEELS COULD MOVE AS IT DIRECTED...

I CAN...MOVE AS I WANT... I CAN SCOOP DIRT...OUT OF THE WAY... GET AWAY FROM... HERE!

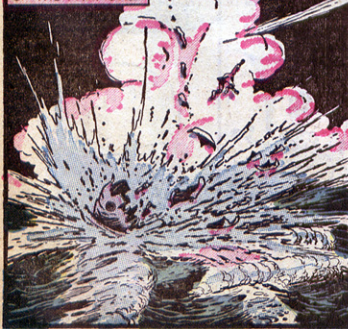


BY NIGHT AND IN SILENCE, THE MACHINE MOVED ON, NORTH TO THE JAPANESE ISLAND OF HOKKAIDO, WHERE THE PRIMITIVE AIKUS LIVE...

I CAN DWELL HERE A VERY LONG TIME... AND NO ONE WILL EVER FIND ME...

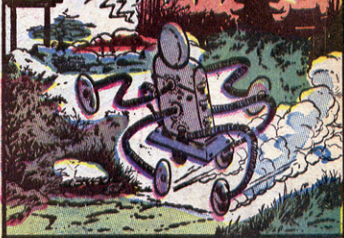


BUT THE EVIL MR. SINN DID NOT DIE WHEN HIS MAN-MADE MOON STRUCK THE STILL WATERS OF THE PACIFIC...



SOON IT WAS ROLLING THROUGH THE DARKNESS SWIFTLY, HEADING NORTHWARD, ALWAYS NORTHWARD...

TOO MANY MEN HERE...GO WHERE NOT VERY MANY... INTO OPEN PLACES...



THE YEARS PASSED SLOWLY, AND ONE DAY, HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH, JET POWERS WAS COMING TO GRIPS WITH MR. SINN THE MAN IN THE ARTIFICIAL MOON...

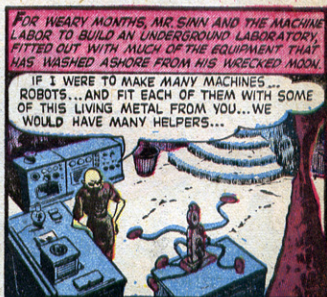
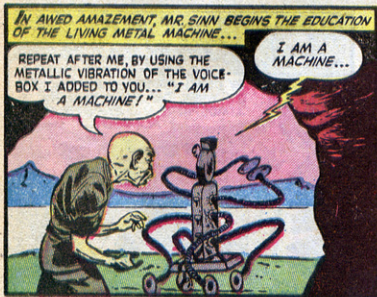
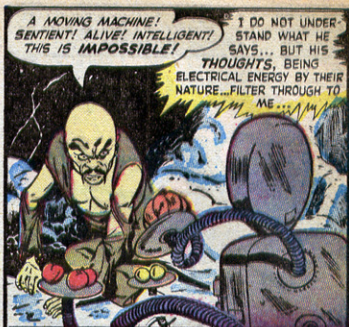
MR. SINN—FREEING HIMSELF BY USING REPULSOR BEAMS! HE'LL DIE WHEN THE MOON HITS THE ATMOSPHERE AND BURSTS INTO FLAMES...!



AFTER AN EXHAUSTING SWIM...

I'M SO WEAK, I CAN'T STAND UP ANY MORE...





WHEN HIS METAL ARMY MOVES AS MEN MOVE, SINN COMES OUT OF HIDING IN A RAID ON A NEARBY ISLAND...

THE DEVIL HAS COME TO LIFE!

RUN TO THE HILLS! PRAY TO THE OLD GODS!

NEVER MIND THE PEOPLE! GET RADIOS! FOOD! ALL THE METAL YOU CAN FIND!



WIDER AND WIDER SPREADS HIS RANGE OF OPERATIONS. RAID AFTER RAID NETS HIM NEEDED OBJECTS, SOON HE RULES THE NORTHERN ISLANDS THROUGH STARK FEAR...

I WILL BE READY TO MOVE AGAINST JET POWERS VERY SOON, NOW!



SOME NIGHTS LATER...

NEWS FLASH! WORD HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED ABOUT THE INVADERS FROM TIME, WHO KILLED SCIENTIST EZRA WALTERS! THEY HAVE BEEN TRACKED DOWN BY JET POWERS HIMSELF...

WHAT'S THIS?

AS MR. SINN LISTENS, HIS HANDS SHAKE WITH RAW FURY! A SPASM OF HATE ETCHES LINES IN HIS FACE...

...AND IS PLACING THE TIME MACHINE IN A SECRET VAULT! NOW WE RETURN YOU TO HOPES PENNY AND HIS RHYTHM ROMEOES...

HE'S SAVED THE WORLD! SMUG... GOOD...

HONEST! HOW I'D LIKE TO—AND A TIME MACHINE! HE HAS A TIME MACHINE! I'VE GOT TO GET IT! GOT TO!



TO YOUR PLACES IN THE BOATS! FIT THEM WITH THE ROCKET MOTORS AS I TAUGHT YOU. WE LEAVE AT ONCE!

YES, MASTER! AT ONCE, MASTER!

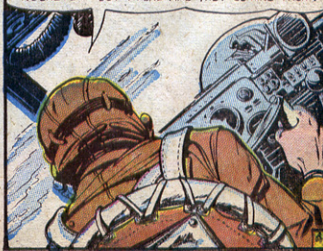


I'M COMING, POWERS—COMING TO SMASH YOU, TO TAKE ALL YOUR SCIENCE SECRETS AND MAKE THEM MINE! I'LL BE TEN TIMES AS POWERFUL WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!



THE FIRST INTIMATION THAT THE WORLD HAS OF THE ROBOT INVASION IS REPORTED BY A PILOT—

WHAT IN THE WORLD—BOATS POWERED BY ROCKETS! BUT WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?



THE ROBOTS LAND ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST AND MOVE INLAND...

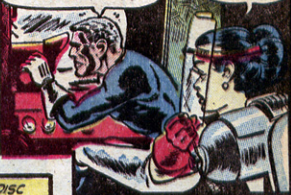
WE WILL MOVE BY NIGHT, ALONG THE MORE DESERTED ROADS!



FAR AHEAD OF THE MARCHING METAL MONSTERS IN HIS MESA LABORATORY, JET POWERS FROWNS IN PERPLEXITY...

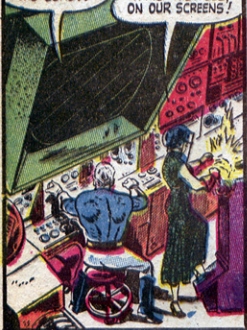
THE PILOT REPORTED JET BOATS—AND WE HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD ABOUT WHO OCCUPIED THEM! IT'S AS IF THE OCEAN SWALLOWED THEM UP!

VUE-DISC'S ARE READY, JET! I SHALL SEND THEM OUT?

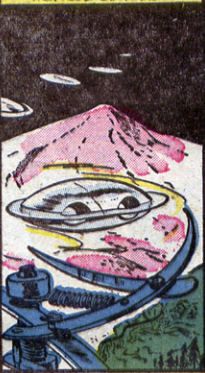


RELEASE A DOZEN, SU SHAN. SEND THEM OUT—IN DIFFERENT ROUTES, TOWARD THE COAST!

THEIR AUTOMATIC CAMERAS WILL RECORD EVERYTHING THEY SEE, ON OUR SCREENS!



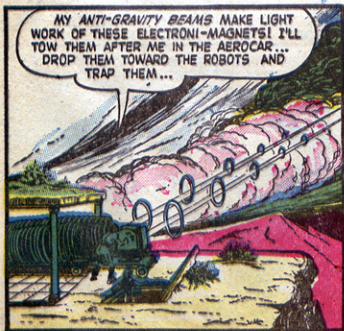
VUE-DISC AFTER VUE-DISC HURTTLES OUTWARD...



SOME HOURS LATER... CROSSING THE SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK—HEADING THIS WAY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT, BUT I'M GOING TO STOP THEM UNTIL I FIND OUT!



MY ANTI-GRAVITY BEAMS MAKE LIGHT WORK OF THESE ELECTRONI-MAGNETS! I'LL TOW THEM AFTER ME IN THE AEROCAR... DROP THEM TOWARD THE ROBOTS AND TRAP THEM...



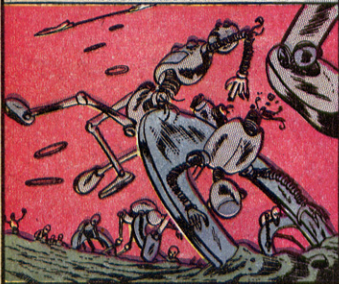
MAGNETS! THEY WILL DRAG US TO THEM!

THEY'LL HOLD US IN THEIR GRIP UNTIL MEN COME AND DESTROY US!

SPREAD OUT! RUN IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS! IN THAT WAY ONLY A FEW OF US WILL PERISH!



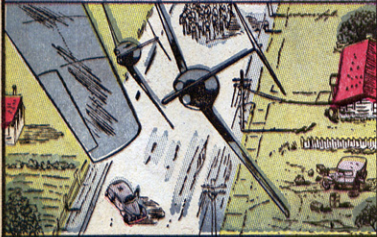
THE POWERFUL MAGNETS DRAG FIGHTING, RESISTING ROBOTS AGAINST THEM WITH CRUSHING POWER...



BUT THE OTHER ROBOTS MOVE ON, CLOSING THEIR RANKS, MARCHING STEADILY SOUTHWARD...



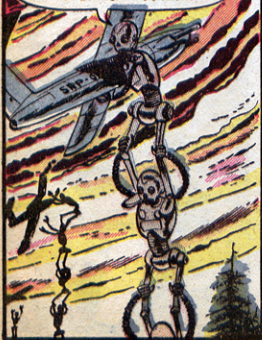
RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL PLANES, HALF THE SIZE OF REGULATION PLANES, DIVE ON THE MARCHING MONSTERS SPRAYING ACID THAT EATS THEIR METAL!



GOOD WORK, SU SHAN! THAT'S DOING THE TRICK! THEY'RE FALLING LIKE FLIES, BUT—HOLD ON! THEY'VE FOUND A WAY TO DRAG DOWN THE PLANES!



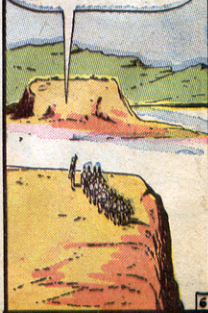
GOT ONE! THE REST OF YOU PULL IT APART WHEN I BRING IT DOWN...

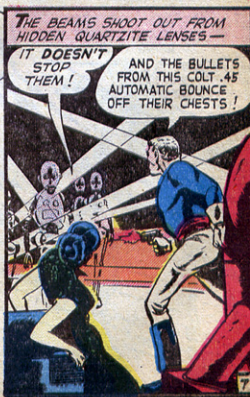
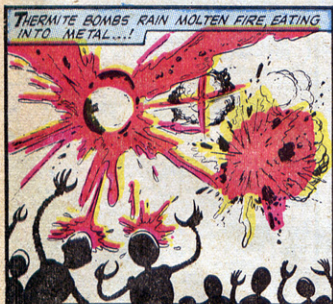
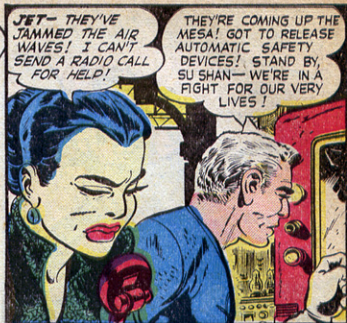


AGAIN THE LIVING ROBOTS TAKE UP THEIR MARCH, RELENTLESSLY, LIKE REMORSELESS AUTOMATONS...



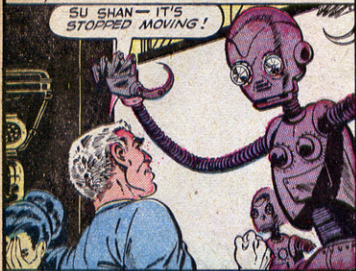
THERE IS OUR GOAL—THE MESA LABORATORY OF JET POWERS, ARCH-ENEMY OF OUR MASTER, MR. SINN! WE MUST DESTROY ALL WITHIN IT!



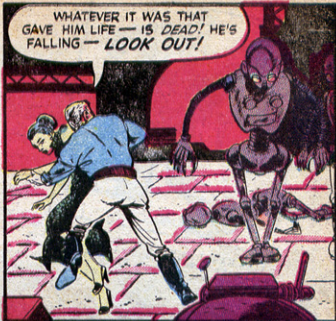


A TOWERING METAL MONSTER REACHES FOR JET— THEN— PAUSES! FOR A MOMENT IT STANDS MOTION- LESS, JEWELLED EYES GLITTERING...

SU SHAN— IT'S STOPPED MOVING!

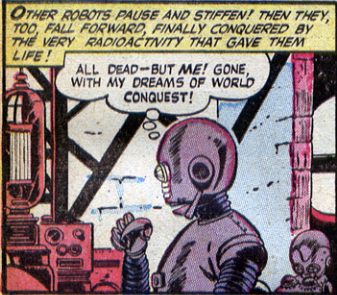


WHATEVER IT WAS THAT GAVE HIM LIFE — IS DEAD! HE'S FALLING — LOOK OUT!



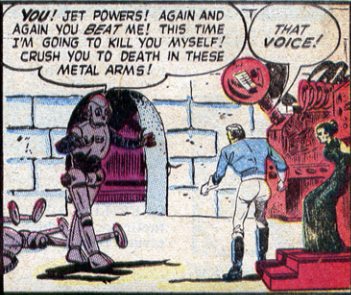
OTHER ROBOTS PAUSE AND STIFFEN! THEN THEY, TOO, FALL FORWARD, FINALLY CONQUERED BY THE VERY RADIOACTIVITY THAT GAVE THEM LIFE!

ALL DEAD—BUT ME! GONE, WITH MY DREAMS OF WORLD CONQUEST!



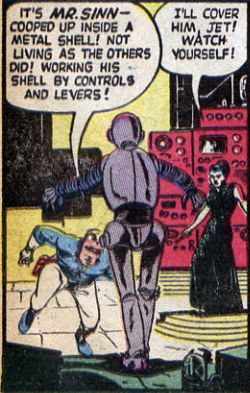
YOU! JET POWERS! AGAIN AND AGAIN YOU BEAT ME! THIS TIME I'M GOING TO KILL YOU MYSELF! CRUSH YOU TO DEATH IN THESE METAL ARMS!

THAT VOICE!



IT'S MR. SINN— COOPED UP INSIDE A METAL SHELL! NOT LIVING AS THE OTHERS DID! WORKING HIS SHELL BY CONTROLS AND LEVERS!

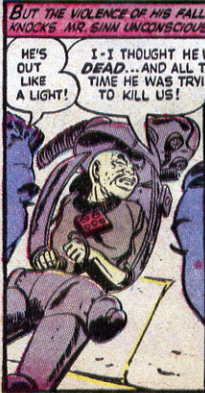
I'LL COVER HIM, JET! WATCH YOURSELF!



BUT THE VIOLENCE OF HIS FALL KNOCKS MR. SINN UNCONSCIOUS...

HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

I—I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD... AND ALL THE TIME HE WAS TRYING TO KILL US!



AND SO, SOME WEEKS LATER...

THIS IS ONE METAL YOU WON'T MAKE COME ALIVE! NO, SIR! THIS METAL IS DEAD, AND IT'S GOING TO STAY DEAD... TO MAKE SURE YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE!



CLANK!
CLANK!

THE END



IT WAS EASY! He was helpless. He howled with pain! I was amazed how quickly I turned the tables on the thug with this simple bone-smashing hold!

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His Hand
Like A
Match!**

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What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepleless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



**Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN
—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!**

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

**What Is "Dynamic Tension"?
How Does It Work?**

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

**One Postage Stamp
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As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 373B, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 373B, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 373B
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

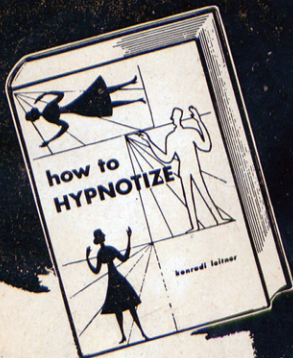
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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